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## THE LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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FEBRUARY, 1817.

MRS. OPIE.

**I**N selecting proper subjects for the Biography of our work, we are ambitious of such only as are pre-eminent for their attainments, talents,\* or celebrity, when united to private worth, and a character fit to inspire the emulation of our fair readers. As one of the first of these favoured few, we class the relict of the celebrated artist, John Opie, Esq. R. A. and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy; who died in 1807. Mrs. Opie was born in Norwich, in 1771, and is the only daughter of Dr. Alderson, an eminent physician in that city. At an early age, she developed extraordinary mental powers, and under the care of her father, a gentleman of classical attainments, who has distinguished himself on a variety of occasions\*, a direction was given to her talents that could not fail of success; and accord-

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\* Dr. Alderson is a member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh; his published works are—On the Nature and Origin of the Contagion of Fevers, 8vo. 1788. Essay on the Rhus Toxicodendron, Pubescent Poison Oak, or Sumack, shewing its Efficacy in Paralysis, and other Diseases of extreme Debility, 8vo. 1794. On the Improvement of Poor Soils, 8vo. 1802; Second Edition, 1807.

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ingly Miss Alderson advanced so rapidly in her acquirements as to outstrip those of her own sex and age, and to give her confidence to write poems, dramatic pieces, and novels, at a time when others are mere learners. Among these, *Adelaide*, a tragedy of considerable merit, was performed, under the sanction of her father, at Mr. Plumtree's private theatre, at Norwich, the 4th and 6th of January, 1791. In this play, the principal parts were performed by Miss Alderson, Baron Harvey, and her friends the Misses Plumtree. Although the fertility of Miss Alderson's mind was shewn in various productions, we believe she did not publish any of her works until some time after her marriage with Mr. Opie\*, which took place on the 8th of May, 1798. This early display of talent raised the expectations of her friends; and the reception given by the public to the more mature productions of her pen have not disappointed them.—Of her person, the portrait prefixed will give a good idea; but of the vivacity of her manners, so different from what might be expected, no one can have a conception who has not been in her company; for in conversation, she is very animated, free, and unreserved; her satire is, however, severe, her remarks are just, and on serious subjects, she expresses herself energetically. She has little of that softness and delicacy which is peculiar to her sex; and which, from indulgence, in many, totally destroys their usefulness for domestic or public life; but she is prepossessing and agreeable; her can-

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\* Mr. Opie, it is well known, was indebted to the discrimination and friendship of Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar, Esq.) for his first introduction into public notice. When Dr. W. resided at Truro, in Cornwall, practising as a physician, in one of his rides through the village of St. Agnes, he was much struck with some rude sketches in chalk, and a few on paper, which were shown him, of Mr. O's performance, who was then an apprentice to a house-carpenter. Dr. W. in consequence invited him to his house, and there gave him such lessons and assistance as enabled him in a short time to set up as an itinerant portrait-painter. The celebrity Mr. Opie afterwards arrived at is here unnecessary to mention.

dour inspires confidence, and her unassuming superiority, respect. Though bereft of her mother when too young to know her loss, she has been happy in her connexions; with her father and aunt, a maiden lady, she has always lived on the best terms; and with her husband, she passed nine years in a perfect union of heart and mind. Mrs. Opie is highly respected in her native city, where she visits many of the first families; and, among her friends, can rank many well-known literary characters. To add to her felicity, her father, though advanced in years, is a fine well-proportioned man, with the glow of health on his cheek, and the uprightness of figure, and the firmness of step, of a young man. On the death of Mr. Opie, in 1807, she edited his *Lectures on Painting*, and prefixed a *Memoir of his Life* which does honour to his memory, and reflects credit on herself. Mrs. Opie's first publication, *The Father and Daughter*, a tale, with other pieces, 8vo. 1801, is generally read and admired. This tale shows the dire consequences of seduction in a stronger light than any publication we know of. The amiable writer professes that this tale is founded in simple nature; as such, perhaps, there never was a composition so well calculated to rouse the passions in the cause of virtue; and as a proof of the high esteem in which it is held, it has not only had a very extensive circulation in this country, but has been translated into the French language. Indeed all her productions are written with the laudable view, and none in the English language are better, or so well calculated, for the improvement of her own sex in morals and virtue, in all their respective relations of daughter, wife, and mother. Her forte is evidently in plaintive description, and horror-struck scenes of woe, which she marks with great feeling, and a strong and bold hand; her delineations are so forcible as to arrest the attention, and leave never-to-be-forgotten traces in the mind. She next produced an *Elegy to the Memory of the Duke of Bedford*, 4to. in 1802; and the same year, a 12mo. vol of beautiful Poems; of which a second edition appeared in 1804. Mrs Opie's poems are generally characterised by

sweetness, simplicity, and pathos; her songs are exquisitely tender, and the stanzas, under "Æolus's Harp," have probably not been equalled since the days of Thompson; and "The Maid of Corinth" will be read with attention as long as simple natural expression shall have power upon the mind. These were succeeded by Adeline Mowbray, or the Mother and Daughter, a tale, 3 vols. 1804; Simple Tales, 4 vols. 12mo. 1806; Dangers of Coquetry, anonymous, 2 vols. 12mo. The Warrior's Return, and other Poems, foolscap 8vo. 1808; Memoir of Mr. Opie, 4to. 1809, before spoken of; Temper, or Domestic Scenes, a novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 1812; and Tales of Real Life, 3 vols. 12mo. 1813.

All of which deserve the attention of our readers, they have all passed the critical ordeal with great credit; and were we to descant upon the merits of each separately, would far exceed the limits allotted to this department of our work; suffice it to say, that Mrs. Opie's reputation as an author is founded on a solid basis; she stands high in the list of those who have exalted the female character; her works evince a combination of knowledge, taste, and genius, rarely found in similar productions; and with so few competitors in her own sex, that we know not to whom she can yield the palm.

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#### HENRY FITZALWYNE.

HENRY FITZALWYNE was bailiff of the city of London in 1192, and officiated at the coronation of Richard I. when the title of Mayor was first assumed by him. He continued in the office twenty-four years.

In the year 1254, the citizens bought from the crown the privilege of presenting their own Mayors to the Barons of the Exchequer.

Previous to this, they were appointed by the King.

## THE GOSSIPER, N<sup>o</sup>. XXIV.

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### TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

BUSINESS having compelled me to sleep at a market-town in Northamptonshire, for the purpose of taking the stage to London at an early hour, I strolled into a bookseller's shop, with the intention of amusing myself until my supper was prepared. The master of the shop was occupied in opening a package, containing a variety of periodical publications for the new year, when, casually taking up the Ladies' Museum, I opened at a paper entitled the Gossiper.

Though the title of the composition did not promise much amusement, (for I had actually embraced the opinion of the immortal Dryden respecting a gossip) yet the elderly female's description of her nieces' behaviour, came home, as it were, to my feelings.

You must know, sir, I am what is in this part of the world termed a gentleman farmer; that is to say, about five hundred acres of excellent land have descended from father to son for many centuries; and, by the accidental death of my elder brother, of this patrimonial inheritance, I became possessed. With unfeigned affliction, I deplored the circumstance which rendered me what is termed independent; and by this melancholy event, the liberal education by which I had indulged the hope of making a fortune was totally suspended. A distant relation of my mother's, who enjoyed a lucrative post under government, had promised, if my education was liberal, to get me into his office; but when I became an only son, neither of my parents could bear the idea of our being separated.

Though I lamented the loss of that instruction which I had seized with an avidity which might be termed en-

thusiastic, yet the tender regard I felt for the authors of my existence, prevented me from appearing discontented; still I resolved, if ever I became a father, my children should enjoy that which I considered as the first of human blessings. To this resolution, Mr. Editor, I attribute the various mortifications to which I am subject; for the God of nature, sir, never intended that the cradle should dictate to the crutches. By giving my children an education above their sphere, I have taught them to aspire beyond the moderate pleasures of competence, and what, perhaps, is still more to be regretted, I have enabled them to feel a superiority over their parents!

Instead of that emulation which I had flattered myself would induce my younger children to endeavour to obtain some honourable employment, the expences I have incurred in giving them a liberal education, only makes them satirical and overbearing to their acquaintance.

Those elevations and degradations in society which the great Author of nature wisely designed, I am now convinced are actually necessary for human happiness; and to ensure which, it is indispensible that each class has its proper boundaries. By infringing upon the higher, in my system of education, I have unfortunately inspired my children with degrading sentiments of that class of individuals with whom they are destined to associate, and exposed them to the ridicule of those with whom they are not intended to mix. By sending my sons to a public school, I flattered myself I should enable them to form connexions with young men of rank and fortune, who, in future periods of life, would feel a gratification in promoting their advancement. That this idea was not altogether erroneous, Mr. Editor, I have instances within my own knowledge to adduce; yet, alas! I forgot to calculate upon the capricious vagaries of fortune! I have myself endeavoured to impress the minds of my children with a contempt for that most despicable of all characters, known by the appellation of a *toad-eater*, and by so doing have destroyed the means of their mounting the ladder.

Though I have said sufficient, Mr. Editor, to convince you that I have adopted an erroneous method of educating my sons, yet I grieve to say, that pursued with my daughters has proved infinitely worse. In selecting a companion for life, my grand objects were good temper and rectitude of principle, and these I found in the excellent woman whom, for the last four-and-twenty years, I have, with increasing affection, loved. Though destitute of the advantages of education, her natural understanding is excellent; yet in conversation, she sometimes commits those grammatical blunders which expose her to the animadversion of her children. On these occasions, I feel with ten-fold effect the folly I have been guilty of; yet this is not all, for my daughters, in the selection of their society, have become insolently fastidious. The sums expended upon their education would actually have been considered as a portion, by an industrious young man in their own sphere of life; whereas they now aspire far beyond a farmer, or respectable tradesman; and, I have every reason to believe, that, instead of enjoying the happiness which arises from connubial and maternal affection, the unblessed state of celibacy will be their doom.

Another error I have committed, Mr. Editor, equally deplorable; for I had imagined, that in proportion to the refinement of the feelings, would be the increase of the natural affections, instead of which, I have the mortification of perceiving that acquirements diminish, rather than increase the social passions. Where I expected unanimity, I find opposition; subjects the most unimportant give rise to discussion; and whilst my sons quote Horace or Virgil, my daughters produce examples from Miss Helen Maria Williams, or Mrs. Wolstonecroft's Rights of Woman.

I am aware I ought to apologize, Mr. Editor, for a detail of domestic misfortunes, in which the public, you may probably think, can have no concern; but Mrs. Homespun's description of her nieces' injudicious mode of education forcibly brought to my recollection my own errors. Over the dress of my girls, it is true, I influence parental authority,

as far as preventing the laws of decency from being infringed upon, which I cannot say is the case with some of their boarding school acquaintance. That indelicate exposure of the female form, which fashion authorizes, is, in my opinion, actually disgraceful; and is surely rather calculated to excite disgusting sensations than inspire the purity of genuine affection.

That marked indifference to the wants and wishes of others, Mrs. Homespun complains of, I greatly fear, marks the conduct of my daughters; for I too often perceive that their excellent mother receives little of that attention which is due to her. Surely, Mr. Editor, apathy can form no part of fashionable excellence! Sensibility in my youthful days was regarded as an essential qualification in the feminine character, and the woman who was devoid of it, was considered as destitute of her sex's greatest ornament.

The only consolation I feel under the misfortunes which I labour, is, that they are the effect of a mistaken judgment, and that affection for my children, combined with the wish of seeing them shining characters, are no faults of the heart, though evident defects in the head, of a parent. The idea that the weakness I have been guilty of, may act as a beacon to other parents, alone induced me to trespass upon your time by a detail of domestic circumstances; and rejoiced shall I be, if, through the channel of your paper, I should have the satisfaction of enjoying this desirable object.

It has frequently occurred to me, sir, that if, instead of that promiscuous assemblage of the different ranks of society, which, in seminaries of celebrity, are heterogeneously blended, the individuals of each were divided into their distinct classes, and placed in separate schools, according to their fortune, or their rank, many of those evils which arise from competence vying with affluence, might be avoided.

I have the honour of being, sir,

Your obedient servant,

A MISTAKEN PARENT,

THE  
NARRATION OF AGLAÜS,  
*THE ARCADIAN.*

(Continued from page 18.)

To go into the arena Calysphire covered herself with a large veil, as were all matrons, or deformed women, who go to this fête; for no one can appear unveiled, unless she has pretensions, and a hope of carrying the prize.

Language can give no idea of the magnificence of these sacred games, and the brilliancy of this spectacle. In the midst of the arena, which is immense, is raised a statue of Venus Urania\*; placed there to serve for ever as a model of the beauty whom the judges ought to crown. She is represented decked in all the fascinations that an amiable modesty can give; the Graces themselves, with their girdle, attach, and fix round her shape and bosom, the draperies which cover her. This alabaster group is placed upon a socle of green marble, veined with gold.

We saw arrive, and successively file off, the choice beauties of a thousand different countries. Every one of these women held a silver wand, surmounted with a bouquet and a band-roll, upon which her name was traced. The Lacedemonians appeared at first; they carried crowns of hyacinths, like the companions of Helen: they were beautiful; but the boldness of their carriage, and the assurance of their looks, seemed to announce, that they believed themselves sure of winning the prize; and one involuntarily asked one's-self how, without grace and modesty, they dared aspire to it. Afterwards came thirty young Athenians, loaded with rich ornaments of gold and pearls. After them,

\* Or celestial Venus.

the females of Achaia, and those of the isle of Cos. These last were known by the elegance of their shapes, and by their light and undulating saffron-coloured robes: they held branches of rose-trees; they were like the charming Nymphs, who, after having stript roses from the chariot of Aurora, harness the winged coursers, who every morning leap clean over the golden barriers of the East. All the beauty of Egypt and Asia also appeared in this vast enclosure: they came from the shores of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Indus; and when the lists were closed, they immediately formed round the arena a triple circle, like an amphitheatre, which the eye could not be tired of surveying and contemplating. The judges, dazzled, hesitated a long time; at length, two beauties, Eulimène and Cimothoé, divided the suffrages. It was decided, that they alone should be drawn for; they were taken from the ranks, placed at the feet of the statue of Venus; and preparations were making to throw the balls into the urn.—But, just heaven! what were my feelings at this moment, when I heard Calysphire cry out with rapid utterance—Great Gods! this instant give me youth and all my beauty!—In vain I tried to interrupt her; she heard me not; and, after having pronounced the fatal words which deprived her of immortality, she raised her veil, and darted into the arena.—I fell upon a pillar, and remained petrified with astonishment, and dejected with the deepest sorrow!

At the appearance of this shining beauty, dressed without art, or ornament, a general cry of admiration was raised among the spectators; they cried out on all sides that she alone merited the prize; and she was going to receive it by acclamation; the judges, subjugated, were already seizing the crown of myrtle and roses, to place it upon her forehead, when, suddenly, a young man, dragging, or rather carrying in his arms, a woman veiled, entered the crowd, and rushed into the midst, saying—Stop! stop!—Silence was made to hear him; and the stranger continued, Etolians, said he, born upon the shores of Evenus, I am Alcime, son of Alaster: she whom you see struggling in my

arms to fly from this arena, is my wife, the young and beautiful Licoris, daughter of Nirée and Cymo. Proud of her beauty, I wished to see her contribute to these games: she constantly refused it, always repeating that it was sufficient to appear beautiful in my eyes. I was not able to prevail on her to come here, till I assured her, that she should be only a spectator. I hoped that the sight of this splendid scene and my entreaties would at length change her resolutions; but she is immovable; my ambition for her has made me have recourse to force. Equitable judges, and you, people, who hear me, look at her who feels so much repugnance at shewing herself; and who has always preferred the peace and obscurity of a domestic life: look at her and pronounce. Thus saying, Alcime, notwithstanding the resistance of Licoris, snatched the veil from her face, and discovered a young beauty; perhaps less perfect than Calysphire, but at this instant a thousand times more touching! What an enchanting, inexpressible charm the timid modesty and natural confusion of her countenance spread over her whole person! How much the lively complexion of modesty embellished her features! and what an exquisite and sublime expression did her eyes, filled with tears and confusion, excited by so much admiration and unanimous applause, give to her physiognomy!—Yes, cried the judges, she is doubtless the celestial beauty that Venus Urania herself would prefer to every other; and whom she orders us to choose!—At these words, they placed the crown upon the head of Licoris.—What a thunderbolt! and what a terrible lesson for the imprudent and unfortunate Calysphire! I collected strength to fly to her aid; I ran towards her, and received her fainting away in my arms. I let down her veil, carried her away, and hastened to leave this unfortunate place.

What heart-rending conversations followed this vexatious scene!—Calysphire, on recovering her senses, gave herself up to the most violent despair. Alas! cried she, the desire of obtaining, in thy sight, a great triumph, has undone me!—and thou hast only seen my shame, my abasement!—

another, in thy presence, has received the crown!—She owes it to the singularity of the young man's action: it would have been given to thee; and, in taking it away from thee, even the judges have confessed that thy beauty surpassed that of this stranger.—Is it true?—Doubt it not! But thou despisest me.—I love thee only.—Thou lovest me! and I have lost immortality!—O Calysphire! my respect and submission to the gods will prevent my taking the rash step of renouncing mine; but it is now no more to me than a melancholy gift, which will eternize sorrow without consolation! Of what consequence to me are these days of youth that thou wilt not see; and which will only retrace to me a happiness lost for ever! I shall then have known thee only to regret thee eternally!—The idea of thy inevitable loss detaches me from every thing, from the fine arts, which I have so much loved, and from my country, where I have lived so happy! No, I will no longer see those beloved places! I shall curse the earth where thou wilt cease to exist. No; I will return no more into delightful Arcadia. Let us seek another asylum, which I may one day hate without crime! Then, alone, a stranger upon earth, I will go and search the profound solitude of the most savage deserts! and there, bearing only thy remembrance, I will consecrate my life to unbounded and hopeless grief, a barren grief, which will ever oppress without being able to consume me! Oh! that it were permitted, without offending the gods, to partake of thy fault, and to die with thee!—No, no; said Calysphire, live to protect, and to take care of the infancy into which I must again enter; live for virtue; and to solace multitudes of unfortunate beings! My consolation is to admire thy wisdom, and to be alone guilty. Ah! at least, I will expiate, as much as I can, my fatal imprudence. I will henceforth hide from all eyes this beauty which has ruined me; and, to my last sigh, this veil, which hides it, shall never again be raised but to thee!

Indeed, Calysphire, faithful to this resolution, covered herself with her veil; which, from this moment, she never

raised, but to me. What ecstasy, mixed with a frightful affliction, I experienced in beholding her! My admiration was a consolation to her; and I soon perceived, with joy and astonishment, that at least, at certain moments, she was much more sensible of the pleasure of having recovered her charms than of the grief of having lost immortality.

We departed without loss of time to go and search a retreat in Messenie. During this journey, we stopped one day upon the banks of a fountain, whose water was almost as limpid as the waters of the sun. Calysphire raised her veil to regard herself in the fountain; and, after a moment's silence—At least, said she, thou wilt never see this freshness fade! when I lose the grace of youth, I shall take the charms so pleasing of adolescence and infancy; this countenance will not grow ugly! I shall decrease without fading! When I shall no longer be able to walk by thy side, thou wilt carry me in thy arms; then, freed from bitter remembrances and smarting remorse, I shall again find the peace of amiable innocence; and, without suffering the anguish of death, shall exhale my last breath upon thy bosom. Thus a blown flower, agitated by the zephyrs, gently falls, and is stripped of its leaves without fading.

This conversation greatly affected me; yet I saw that Calysphire was not so much to be pitied as any one of a more thoughtful character would have been in her place.

After travelling some distance, we settled in Messénie, upon the shores of Pamissus. I found there neither happiness, nor repose, but used every endeavour to conceal from Calysphire the horrible misery I felt; and to divert her attention from useless regrets.

A new event, in offering me consolation for the future, increased the affliction of my present situation. When we had been two years in Messénie, Calysphire became a mother! She then felt all the distressing peculiarity of her fate; and maternal love, suddenly enlightening her mind, and ripening her judgement, made known to her the full extent of her misfortune. O, my son, said she, pressing the infant in her arms, I shall then be deprived of the hap-

piness of all other mothers! I shall only be able to take care of the early stages of thy existence! in the same degree as thy powers shall develope, mine will decrease; when thou shalt be in a state to comprehend the extent of maternal affection, my mouth will be able to stammer only a few unintelligible words. What do I say? Alas! I shall no longer know thee; my eyes will be fixed upon thee with indifference! O! more frightful and incomprehensible prodigy than every other: before becoming extinct, I shall cease to love thee, and to be a mother!

(*To be continued.*)

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#### THE FORTUNATE SLAVE.

A GERMAN count of the name of Gleichen, was taken prisoner by the Turks, and carried into captivity: he was employed in ploughing the ground, gardening, and other menial services, near the palace, when one day the daughter of the sultan came to him, and asked him several questions: his noble appearance and good sense so pleased the princess, that she promised to procure his liberty, and to accompany him, upon condition that he would marry her. The count answered, "I have a wife and children." "That is no objection," replied she, "the custom of this country allows one man several wives." The count was not obstinate, but acquiesced, and gave his promise. The princess employed herself so well, that they soon got on board a vessel, and arrived at Venice. There the count found one of his servants, who had travelled in search of him. The man told him that his wife and children were in good health; but the count, mindful of his obligation, went to Rome, where he related his adventure to the pope, who granted him a dispensation to have two wives, upon condition that the Turkish princess embraced the Christian faith, which she consented to. But if the court of Rome was so very indulgent on this occasion, the count's first wife was no less so; for she received the Turkish lady very kindly, and they all lived together in perfect harmony. This happened in 1227, and a monument, recording the event, is still to be seen at Erfurth.

ON  
THE PRESERVATION OF GOOD-WILL  
TOWARDS EACH OTHER.

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IT is perhaps a common and natural feeling with us all, that when our friends and relations die, and are seen of men no more, a certain regret is apt to lay heavy on the mind for the many little offences we remember to have done them. The recent death of a young person, to whom I was much attached, has fulfilled in myself all the truth of this observation, and led me to seek how I might best prevent in future the recurrence of those trifling, perhaps, but frequent symptoms of ill-nature which the wisest and worthiest are at times so prone to display even to such as should be most dear to them. And finding that death is a great reconciler of injuries, a great promoter of forgiveness, and a rekindler of faded affections, I determined to often exercise my mind in the previous contemplation of their decease to whom nature or friendship had associated me; and thus when we have all been gathered round a cheerful fire, and some interesting story has been reading, or other innocent amusement going forward, I have often looked round on my parents, on the brothers and sisters who were smiling about me, and with tears that I could scarcely repress, thought how soon, how very soon some of them, at least, might be taken from me, and hurried to that silent "bourne from whence no traveller returns!" It will probably be said that I have invented a most dismal mode of occupying my thoughts;—but I answer, not so, nor such as I would ever shrink from; because what has been the consequence with me, and what would be the consequence with all who thus inured themselves to the anticipation of an event no less uncertain than inevitable? Why this—I have remembered with sorrow and remorse the many errors I have been guilty of towards them,

I have called to mind the many little unkindnesses, the many ill-natured things I have said and done to them, the frequent slight I have shewn them, when it has been my duty, and in my power to serve them; and then I have felt them doubly dear to me; I have loved them as I never loved them before, and have vowed in my heart that I would never again omit an opportunity of obliging them, that I would endeavour to repair by future attentions all my past neglect, and do with pleasure whatever I was able to make them happy and comfortable; that when they died I might be freed from the distressing consciousness, from the agonizing reproach of having been unfriendly to them when they were living, and by any unkindness or ill-nature of having treated them ungratefully, or given them unnecessary pain, trouble, and anxiety.

These reflections have also, in other respects, much tended to improve my natural temper and disposition. In contemplating the living as the dead, and shedding over them the tears of antedated sorrow, all the ties of human affection have been strengthened in me, good-will to all my fellow creatures has been promoted, and I am made easier and happier in my mind than I can remember to have been since the days of my childhood.

ALTIDEM.

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#### VICAR OF BRAY.

FULLER, in his Worthies of England, published in 1661, relates a story of the versatility of a vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, who is said to have conformed to every change of religion during the reign of Henry VIII. and his three immediate successors, and to have been steady only to one principle, which was, to live and die Vicar of Bray. The writer of the well known song of the Vicar of Bray, has altered the date of the original story, applying it to the seventeenth century, and making the vicar's versatility shew itself by the frequent variations of his political principles.

Thomas Brown, vicar of this parish, died in 1759, at the great age of 94, as appears by his epitaph.

**CAMBODIAN HALL ;**  
**OR,**  
**LAW AND LICENTIOUSNESS.**

*(Continued from page 30.)*

THOUGH the wily attorney had felt a certain degree of mortification at the extreme reserve with which his overtures of civility had been treated, yet that very reserve seemed to increase his eagerness to be upon a more intimate footing; and he resolved, during the journey, to do every thing in his power to render himself agreeable to the young lady. About ten minutes before the appointed hour, he arrived at Mrs. Jackson's; and, as he was peculiarly anxious to obtain a knowledge of Miss Stanhope's situation and family, he was delighted at finding her in the little parlour without any company; and, aware he had no time to lose, he unceremoniously commenced his attack, by saying, It grieved him to the heart to think that a young lady so lovely in person, and so dignified in manners, should be compelled by the frowns of fortune to submit to a state of dependence.

Though Mrs. Jackson professed to have the highest esteem for Miss Stanhope, yet her presence never failed to remind her of her former insignificance; and being the mistress of a well-furnished lodging-house, she wished to forget the time when she was her lodger's father's servant; neither did she approve the total seclusion in which that young lady had thought proper to live. Scarcely therefore did she suffer Mr. Jeremy Jackal to express his sentiments, when she exclaimed, "Lord bless ye, sir, do not go for to tell her such a thing; for though it was so kind of Mrs. Wilkins to trouble herself about a stranger, as I may call her, I had the greatest difficulty to persuade her to accept

the situation you can imagine; although she has been forced to sit poring over paintings and drawings, for the print-sellers, from the moment she gets up in a morning, until she goes to bed; and as to having any thing nice to comfort her, as a body may say, I am sure she never tastes no such thing." "Have you known the young lady long, ma'am?" "Known her!" repeated his communicative companion, "why, Lord bless your soul, I knowed her when she wasn't bigger than this," holding up her thumb, to exemplify the length of her acquaintance; "and little did I think to have seen her arning her own bit of bread; but the ups and downs of life, you know, sir, can't, as I often say, be helped; and when people are no longer rich, they should try to be affable, that's the way you know to make friends; but though I love Miss Stanhope as if she was my own darter, I can't help saying, she's a little too proudish."

The object of Mrs. Jackson's maternal affection, at that moment making her appearance, and the trunks having been previously placed in the passage, Mr. Jackal, to shew his attention to the young lady, assisted the postilion in cording them upon the carriage, and when this necessary business was performed, handed her into it, with a mixture of solicitude and politeness.

Convinced by Mrs. Jackson's remarks, and his own observations, that the least appearance of familiarity would frustrate his preconcerted plans, Mr. Jackal, during the journey, treated his fair companion with the greatest respect; and actually ransacked his imagination to render himself agreeable and intelligent. Though Miss Stanhope's spirits were unusually dejected, yet she could not bear the idea of appearing insensible to his kindness; and being an admirer of nature in all her varieties, the beauty of the country through which they travelled, soon afforded them an interesting topic; and before they reached the end of the journey, Jeremy felt his heart warmed with a new attachment.

Evening was too far advanced to allow Miss Stanhope an opportunity of judging of the architectural beauty or deformity of her destined habitation; all she could discover

was, that it appeared capacious, and upon ascending a flight of steps, she was conducted through a hall, eccentrically magnificent. The first enquiry Mr. Jackal made, was after the health of the lord of this spacious mansion; the answer received, that he was materially worse; and that the physicians had recommended him to commence his journey to Cheltenham on the following morning. Real, or well-feigned emotion followed this intelligence, which was corroborated by Mrs. Wilkins, who, in a few moments, entered the room, giving Miss Stanhope a reception at once tender and maternal.

"It is the most fortunate thing in nature," said she, "my dear Miss Stanhope, "that you were enabled so immediately to comply with our views; for had you not arrived this evening, I must have been under the necessity of entrusting poor dear Mr. Arcot to the care of his servants, as he could not hear of my leaving the children until your arrival."

"And does he really commence his journey to-morrow?" demanded Jeremy, "if so, I must speak to him upon business of importance." "The business of importance must be deferred until his return from Cheltenham, I assure you," replied Mrs. W. "for he has just swallowed a composing draught; besides, both Dr. A— and Dr. B— have strictly forbidden him from conversing, and he merely makes signs for what he wants." As the presence of Miss Stanhope prevented poor Jeremy from giving vent to his feelings, he said, "Well, ma'am, the same prohibition does not extend to you, I trust; and permit me to say, I shall be happy to have a quarter of an hour's private conversation." "A quarter of an hour!" repeated Mrs. Wilkins; "I have not a quarter of a minute I can call my own! In short, my dear Miss Stanhope," she added, turning to her, "I am impatient to shew you your apartments, and give you information respecting the children. So, farewell, my good sir, you shall hear of us, when we arrive at Cheltenham." So saying, she snatched up a bed-candlestick, and requesting the new governess to follow her, hurried out of the room.

Amazement was nearly converted into petrifaction; and poor Jeremy could scarcely credit the evidence of his eyes and ears; when, throwing himself into a chair, he yielded to sensations which, in a character less designing, might justly have been termed pitiable.

Though the delegated authority with which Mr. Jackal had been invested by the lord of the mansion, was not calculated to ensure the good-will of the domestics, yet there was one amongst the number apparently devoted to his service. This lad, whose name was William Collins, had been brought up in the charity school; and the scandalous Chronicle of the town where Mr. Jackal resided, had pretended to discover a striking resemblance between them; be that as it may, through the recommendation of the lawyer, he had been received into Mr. Arcot's service. To a depth of cunning, disproportioned to the years of the boy in question, was united manners the most obliging and submissive, and so completely had the latter obtained the approbation of his master, that William's attentions were actually preferred to those of his own gentleman, whose rage and indignation were consequently excited. This amiable youth was hastily summoned into the presence of the being to whom he professed to be entirely devoted; and the intelligence which he imparted, was calculated to convert apprehension into despondence. The only circumstance which afforded relief to the alarmed feelings of Mr. Jackal, was, that William was to attend the lord of Cambodian Hall to Cheltenham; and he was strictly enjoined to watch all Mrs. Wilkins's movements, and to give his protector a regular account. In a frame of mind truly unenviable, the mortified Mr. Jackal took leave of his hopeful coadjutor; and by tyrannising over his own domestics, relieved the effervescence of passion.

That confusion of ideas, which a revolution in circumstances naturally excited, was not diminished by the various directions Miss Stanhope received from the nominal mistress of Cambodian Hall; for the housekeeper had been suddenly discharged, for either real or imaginary impositions,

and she found she was expected, during Mr. Arcot's absence, to fill the double employment of governess and house-keeper. Aware that any objection to this arrangement might have been construed into ingratitude to Mrs. Wilkins, for her friendly recommendation, the amiable girl anxiously listened to her professional relator's instructions; and though she could not avoid saying, she feared her capability of conducting so large a family of servants; she avowed her readiness to make the experiment.

Mrs. Wilkins, who, since the indisposition of her employer, had had a temporary bed put up in his dressing-room, immediately after having given these necessary directions, apologized to Miss Stanhope for allowing her to sup alone, assigning as an excuse, her fear of waking the invalid, if she entered the adjoining apartment at a later hour.

At an early hour on the following morning, the whole family appeared in motion; and though sleep had scarcely deigned to visit the pillow of the new governess, she felt the necessity of rising, to receive from the hands of Mrs. Wilkins her youthful charge. Scarcely was she dressed, when that designing being entered her apartment, accompanied by the children; who, after gazing upon her for some moments, with a mixture of surprise and gratification, exclaimed, "Oh! Mrs. Wilkins, how pretty our new governess is!" "Pretty are those who pretty do, my dear," replied Mrs. Wilkins, evidently mortified by the artless remark of her former pupils; "but as to Miss Stanhope, she is sensible, pretty, and good-natured; and I am sure will do every thing in her power to make you happy, during your dear papa's absence." "Oh! I am not afraid of that, ma'am," said the eldest, "now I have seen Miss Stanhope; but I could not sleep last night for thinking how unhappy we should be, if left to a new governess who was ill-natured." "Well, my love, that I consider as a compliment to your old one," replied Mrs. Wilkins; "yet I have only time to say, God bless you, my dears. Miss Stanhope, adieu!" she added; "I shall frequently write to you, relying upon your punctuality, in answering my letters."

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Scarcely had Miss Stanhope time to assure the being on whom, by a singular coincidence of circumstances, she seemed dependant, that she should faithfully fulfil the trust which had been reposed, before she hurried out of the apartment, exclaiming, "The carriage is at the door, and I have not another moment to lose!"

(*To be continued.*)

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#### DR. JOHNSON AND THE COUNTRY CLUB.

MR. Murphy relates the following singular story of Dr. Johnson:—When first the Rambler came out in separate numbers, as they were the objects of attention to multitudes of people, they happened, as it seems, particularly to attract the notice of a society who met every Saturday evening during the summer, at Romford, in Essex, and were known by the name of The Bowling-green Club. These men, seeing one day the character of Leviculus the fortune hunter, or Tetrica the old maid, another day some account of a person who spent his life in hoping for a legacy, or of him who is always prying into other folks' affairs, began sure enough to think they were betrayed; and that some of the coterie sat down to divert himself by giving to the public the portrait of all the rest. Filled with wrath against the traitor of Romford, one of them resolved to write to the printer, and enquire the author's name; Samuel Johnson, was the reply. No more was necessary; Samuel Johnson was the name of the curate, and soon did each begin to load him with reproaches for turning his friends into ridicule in a manner so cruel and unprovoked. In vain did the guiltless curate protest his innocence; one was sure that Aligu meant Mr. Twigg, and that Cupidus was but another name for neighbour Baggs; till the poor parson, unable to contend any longer, rode to London, and brought them full satisfaction concerning the writer, who, from his own knowledge of general manners, quickened by a vigorous and warm imagination, had happily delineated, though unknown to himself, the members of the Bowling-green Club.

WIFE AND NO WIFE;  
*A ROMANCE.*

(Continued from page 40.)

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LETTER I.

THEODORE ANGERSTEIN TO EDWARD STANFORD, ESQ.

YOU complain of my silence, dear Stanford, and say I no longer think you deserving of my confidence; indeed, indeed you wrong me, you wrong yourself still more; I have been unusually negligent of you, it is true; for, shall I own the truth?—I have been ashamed to open my heart to you. You, who are such an enthusiastic admirer of constancy, whose practice has never varied from your professions, would doubtless condemn the varying sentiments, the unsettled inclinations, of the hitherto applauded, Angerstein; well, I must risk your displeasure, and be explicit. When I last wrote to you, my theme was Virginia; her cold indifference gave me pain, yet I still trusted to time, and when her marriage placed her beyond my hopes, I still prided myself on my constancy, and changed the name of my feelings from love to friendship; even then I thought I was deceiving myself, but the event has proved I was not. Your question concerning the object of her choice, I cannot answer, for I saw very little of him; at our first interview, the impression was favourable, I fancied his features familiar to me, yet could not call to mind the object of whom I was reminded; since that time he has seemed rather shy of my acquaintance, and consciousness prevented my courting his. Now to what more immediately concerns myself.

Passing one day through St. James's-street, it was about a week after the marriage of Virginia, I received a bow from a lady in a carriage that was passing: as my female acquaintance is not very extensive, I was naturally curious to know

by whom I was thus honoured, but could not ascertain by the livery to whom the carriage might belong; to my satisfaction, however, it stopped at a jeweller's a little lower down, where the lady alighted, and, pausing on the step, seemed to wait my approach; when I advanced, she repeated her salutation, addressing me by name; perceiving that I was still at a loss, an arch smile illuminated the most beautiful set of features I ever beheld. "My memory is more faithful than your's, Mr. Augerstein," said she; "nor is it to be wondered at, since gratitude must on my side give a stimulus to memory: we met before at Cadiz, where you rescued me from a watery grave." Her voice faltered as she concluded the sentence, and her eyes were cast to the ground. In a moment, my truant recollection returned; the spontaneous service I had rendered an unknown fair, had not dwelt in my thoughts, neither had her person, for my whole imagination was engrossed by another object at that time, and I saw her no more, though, I have since learned, that she frequently saw and knew me in the public walks. I had never even taken the trouble to enquire her name; this time I was not so remiss. "A law-suit of some importance has brought me to England;" said she, "my stay is uncertain; while in town, I am to be found at Mrs. Harvey's, in Bruton-street; you know the lady, I believe?" I replied in the affirmative, but added, that I had not lately visited at her house. "That is your own fault, I am sure," she returned, with vivacity; "for if you knew half the handsome things she says of you, you would consider her among the number of your best friends." "I suppose, then, some acknowledgement is due from me," said I, in the same tone, "and I shall now have a double motive for paying her a visit. Should she be from home when I call, may I presume to enquire for —" "Donna Isabella," she rejoined. "I find, I must introduce myself." Having made a trifling purchase, she soon returned to the carriage; I handed her in, and thus ended my morning's adventure. Now, the fact is, I never liked Mrs. Harvey; she is a woman of respectable character but one of those busy match-making dowagers, who are generally the terror of young men. My interview with Isa-

bella, however, completely overruled all my former objections, and I determined not to let any fastidious scruples prevent my embracing the pleasure her society was likely to afford me. And now, Stanford, do you not think me a coxcomb, while I own that the touching tone of her voice, her quick recollection of me, her apparent desire for a renewal of the acquaintance, and the sensibility she evinced in her grateful acknowledgement, gave me a soothing idea that there was a being in the world, one lovely, tender female, to whom I might not be an object of indifference? When smarting under the conviction of unmerited contempt, such a conviction ever proves most consolatory to our wounded feelings; at least, I must declare, such was the case with me; perhaps there was also another motive which impelled me to regard the Donna<sup>r</sup> with unusual complacency, in figure and features she strongly resembled Virginia, with this difference, that she had every way the advantage; I will describe them both, and you shall judge—Virginia has fine hazel eyes, and auburn hair, her nose rather inclining to the aquiline, her mouth would be thought too wide, but for the fine set of teeth which her smile displays; her face is rounded almost to fullness, and there is a dignity in her manner which borders on hauteur. Isabella, with the same features, has a different cast of countenance; her complexion is darker, and her eyes of that deep blue so often mistaken for black; when animated, they are piercing and brilliant; when pensive, they are full and languishing; her face is a sharp oval, and the variety of expression it displays, even in a few minutes, gives it a character most interesting. To behold Virginia without admiration, is perhaps impossible; but the reserve, the stateliness of her manner, always blends with it a certain degree of awe; while Isabella fascinates by her archness, or touches the heart by her softness. Can you then wonder that I am inconstant? if you can deem that inconstancy, which changes the object only, the sentiment remaining still the same; for I protest to you, so great is the likeness, that when conversing with Isabella, I almost delude myself into the idea of its being Virginia; not the cold, haughty, inflexible Virginia, as I found her;

but kind, solicitous, and softened into tenderness by my persevering attachment. Do I talk nonsense? or can you understand my feelings? If the former, I allow you to laugh at me, if the latter, I am certain of your sympathy. I wait your answer with impatience.

Your's, truly,

THEODORE ANGERSTEIN.

#### LETTER II.

DON LOPEZ TO SEBASTIAN.

WELL! so far we have succeeded; and now, what remains to be done? You will say, things cannot go on in this way much longer; the friends of Virginia will soon begin to take alarm, and, perhaps, some of them may be inclined to meddle, and spoil all our work. Our next step must be more decisive. I know you will start at what I have to propose, but mind, I tell you it must be done; having proceeded so far, our own safety requires that we should make all secure: her infatuation has aided our purpose most effectually; the woman must be either mad or an idiot, yet she was reputed a paragon of sense, and wit, and propriety,—what stuff! There is nothing so proper in a woman as common sense; romantic notions, inflated ideas of self importance, prove the ruin of half of them. Had she been content with the honest, well-meaning Angerstein, it would have been better for her, but not so well for us; you would have lost her fortune, and I my revenge; now, both are within our reach, that is, if we follow up our advantage properly. What I have to propose is this; she is impatient for your return, but this cannot be; she must then go to you. How can that be? you will ask; why thus, I will pretend that you are on the point of embarkation for Spain, and wish her to accompany you; she will fall readily into this trap; I will then escort her to a house I know of, near London, where she will be taken proper care of for life; there are many in it already, scarcely more *mad* than herself. Be not alarmed, she shall be kindly treated, I

will answer for that; you may then emerge from concealment, and play your cards your own way: you may remember, I promised you this; it was the principal condition of our treaty. And now, farewell!

Your's, as usual,

LOPEZ DI TORNADO.

P. S. I have taken care to intercept all Letters that might excite alarm in the minds of her friends.

NOTE.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BE guarded,—Virginia has made a partial discovery; she has heard of the Donna, I find: we must take care that they do not meet; our measures must now be taken promptly: this is no time for your ridiculous scruples. You would rather give up all, forsooth, than imprison her for life; I thought there was more of the Tornado blood in your veins. Let me tell you, that if you desert my cause, I will desert your's; I could soon elude the vengeance of her friends, and leave you to brave the shame, the ignominy by yourself; what a pretty figure you would cut! your hopes blasted for ever: think of this, and be wise. I want not your aid, only be silent, and leave all to me. Betray me not, at your peril, for she is in my power, and I may yet contrive a deep, a dreadful revenge. You know your wisest course.

LOPEZ.

LETTER III.

THEODORE ANGERSTEIN TO EDWARD STANFORD, ESQ.

I WRITE this from my seat in —, to which I came down to superintend a few repairs. My stay will be short, as it is in the immediate vicinity of Virginia's new residence. The house they have taken, is one which Mrs. Harvey formerly occupied; she has now a beautiful little cottage in the neigh-

bourhood, where she intends passing a few weeks. I had the honour of escorting her and Isabella down.

I have seen Virginia once; it was in a moment of peril that we met, and I had an opportunity of rendering her a timely service. You see I am quite a knight errand! In my opinion, she looks neither well nor happy.

My feelings were perfectly as they should be on the occasion. Yes, my friend, I now regard her only with the friendly interest of a brother; and, as such, would do any thing in my power to serve her.

You will now wish to know how matters stand between me and Isabella. In truth, I have not concealed my admiration, nor dares she, as yet, affect to presume upon my devotion; she seems gratified by my assiduities, and, if the speaking eye, the changeful cheek, may be allowed to reveal the emotions of the heart, her's is not insensible to my assiduities. Mrs. Harvey, the other day, with her usual adroitness, took upon herself to catechise me: she began by sarcastically remarking, that I was become a constant visitor in Bruton-street. I begged to know, whether my visits were deemed an intrusion. "By no means," was her reply, "Mr. Angerstein was always considered by me a welcome visitor; but there are people in the world, you know, my good friend, who like to be censorious, and may consider your attentions to two isolated Females, as rather particular; now, I do certainly suspect that you have your reasons for coming here more frequently than formerly; but you have never authorised me to state that it is the case." "I understand you, Madam, and will answer you with candour, though I do not deem it necessary that the curiosity of inquisitive or censorious persons should be satisfied. I admire Donna Isabella, and have perhaps presumed to cherish a tender impression; and this acknowledgement I consider due to you, who have the lady under your protection; but, as to my views or intentions, I must beg to be silent: I am not honoured with the confidence of Isabella, and am consequently as ignorant of her sentiments towards me, as I am of her family and connections." Mrs. Harvey smiled. "Well, sir, you have

spoken like a man of honour; and though I am not at liberty to be equally explicit, I will give you all the satisfaction in my power. The Donna has not scrupled to avow a pre-possession in your favour, which your subsequent intimacy has confirmed. She is the daughter of an Englishman, and is nearly related to a family of the first consequence in Spain; her fortune is considerable, and her expectations still greater; so that all objections on that head may be done away with. She has no parents living, and is so far independent as to be at liberty to give her hand where she may already have bestowed her heart. This is all I am privileged to make known; her family name must, for particular reasons, remain a secret, until circumstances shall render the disclosure necessary: no doubt you understand to what I allude. Her present business in England is, I own, a mystery to me; but I love mystery, and dislike every thing in the ordinary common-place way, especially when I am satisfied, as I am in this case, that there is no impropriety in the case. Are you satisfied, Mr. Angerstein?" "Perfectly, madam, with your well-meant endeavour to make me so; but, as I am not quite so great an admirer of mystery as yourself, I shall patiently wait the confidence of Donna Isabella." And thus ended our conference. When I return to town, you shall hear further from,

Your's, sincerely,

THEODORE ANGERSTEIN.

#### LETTER IV.

MISS MELCOMBE TO THEODORE ANGERSTEIN, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

MY motive for addressing you is too urgent to require apology. When I say, that it is on the account of my esteemed friend, Virginia, I am certain you will take the liveliest interest in what I have to communicate. Alarmed at not receiving any answers to the letters I had writ-

ten to her since her marriage, and aware of some particular circumstances to which you are necessarily a stranger, I entreated my brother to accompany me to —. Upon our arrival, we found the house deserted; and, after making the most diligent enquiries in the neighbourhood, found out the parents of one of the domestics, from whom we learnt that she had, accompanied by Don Lopez, left her residence late one evening, on pretence, or under the persuasion, that she was to join her husband, and accompany him to Spain. Doubting the truth of this, we have caused enquiry to be made at all the packet offices, but can obtain no satisfactory account of any such persons having embarked; neither do I think, if all was fair, that Virginia would have quitted England without apprising me. If any steps can be taken to throw a light upon this dark transaction, I am sure you will not fail to exert yourself. From what I have seen of Don Lopez, I suspect him to be capable of any act of villainy.

Remaining, &c.

MARIAN MELCOMBE.

(To be continued.)

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#### DR. CASE.

ONE of Radcliffe's contemporaries was a noted quack, named Case, who united the two professions of physician and astrologer. He took the house in which the famous Lilly had resided, and over his door he placed the following distich—

“ Within this place  
Lives Doctor Case.”

Upon his pill-boxes he had these lines—

“ Here's fourteen pills for thirteen pence;  
Enough in any man's own con-sci-ence.”

THE BOYAR;  
OR,  
*GRANDEE OF RUSSIA.*

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A RUSSIAN ANECDOTE, FOUNDED ON RECENT FACTS.

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KATHARINE, who possessed beauty without vanity, and who had therefore never attributed any power to her charms, heard these compliments from the mouth of a grave old man, with a surprise that lighted up every feature, not with the blush of confusion, but with all the embellishment of nature, simplicity, and good sense; and her eyes replied before she uttered a word. "You think me merry, I perceive," said his lordship. "No," replied Katharine, facetiously, "but I think you mistaken in the influence which you would flatter me I possess over two of the most sensible of your sex." "You excell in wit and compliment," returned his lordship. "But you shall be witness yourself," interrupted Katherine, "of the extent of that power which you ascribe to me, if your lordship will condescend to be the bearer of my commands to Alexis." "I will be answerable for the event," said his lordship. "The laugh will be against you," added Katharine. "Well, to the proof then—what shall I say to Alexis?" "Tell him," said Katharine, "that I value his honour and advantage too highly to be an obstacle to either; and that, if he cannot go to England without me, (for so your lordship would imply) I can go to Moscow without him." "It will be the same thing in effect," observed the friend of the Boyar; "remove the magnet that detains him, and he will comply of course." "In the mean time," continued Katharine, "I will see him no more. Your lordship will have the goodness to take leave of him in my name: 'tis but for a short interval, tell him; and the pains of absence will be rewarded

by the joys of our meeting. Say, too, that the wishes of a parent teach me my duty—Alexis will understand this gentle monition: he has never opposed his own inclinations to those of the Boyar, my father.” “Lady!” exclaimed the friend of the Boyar, “I am satisfied, by this single sentence to his praise, of the submission of Alexis to the will of your father, when informed of your sentiments; but I am without authority for this communication—he will require it from your own lips, and then—” “I understand you,” interrupted Katharine; “I will give it under my hand.” “Be peremptory,” advised his lordship; “the occasion requires it.” “My own wishes,” rejoined Katharine, as she sat down to her tablets, “prefer the honour and advantage of Alexis to the pleasure of his society; but my wishes for both will be accomplished by a temporary sacrifice of gratification to duty.” With that, she immediately wrote the following lines, and handed them to her father’s friend, who was surprised to see them in verse. “It is the usual mode of correspondence between us,” said Katharine: “poetry is the favourite study of Alexis.”

#### To ALEXIS.

Come not; send not; write not;—’tis my will.  
Ask not the cause; but my command fulfil:  
Nor deem the sentence too severe in me;  
For I’m an exile—when I banish thee.

KATHARINE.

His lordship had no sooner read this, than, complimenting the fair writer on the style and sentiment of this hasty composition, he took an abrupt leave, and astonished at his success, hurried from her presence to enforce the fatal decree of banishment against Alexis. He now conceived the design of dispatching a messenger for his son, and, deluded by fond appearances, looked for an easy conquest, and regarded the hand of the beautiful Katharine as already won. Alas! little did the unsuspecting Katharine think of the use that would be made of this instrument against

Alexis, against herself. Little thought the generous Boyar that a false pride was shaking the pillars of his happiness, and sapping the very foundations of his house.

The Boyar could not conceal the revolution in his sentiments. The change was too visible not to be perceived by Alexis, and too sudden and unaccountable not to affect him most deeply. Alexis had no sooner left Katharine than he went to the apartments of the Boyar. He was unable to speak. The Boyar was also silent; but his forbidding looks spoke plainer than language. It was too much for Alexis to support, and he fell, in the agony of his heart, at the Boyar's feet. "What is my offence?" exclaimed Alexis, as soon as he could utter a word,—"What is my offence?" The Boyar turned aside his face, to hide from Alexis the conflict between pride and affection that now rent his soul; but the struggle overcame him, and, grasping the hands of Alexis with the most ardent affection, he raised them to his eyes, and, having bedewed them with his tears, as a proof of his unsighed grief, burst from his embrace, which Alexis was rising with eager arms to give. His momentary transport was checked the instant it was raised; and he stood motionless, with his eyes stedfastly fixed in silent astonishment towards the door through which the Boyar had disappeared.

It was some time before the guest of the Boyar, who just entered, could recall him to a state of sensibility. When sufficiently recovered, he explained to Alexis the intentions of the Boyar, his guardian, to be of the most parental, of the most friendly and honourable nature; urged his submission without further reasoning or complaint; and begged him to save himself and the venerable Boyar the pain of a parting interview. "All is ready," continued he, "your letters of credence and introduction are prepared; hasten, by this sacrifice of your inclinations, to preserve the love and affection of the Boyar, and to confirm his esteem by consulting your own future honour and advantage. His paternal care will follow you to England, and there

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you will be informed of his generous intentions, as you are already assured of his affectionate regard.

Alexis perceived, but could not unravel the mystery; and he was pondering over every sentence that he had just heard, if possible to gain some clue to it, when the name of her he loved broke in upon his dejected reverie. "Let not fair Katharine," said the obtruding guest, "have occasion to question the good sense of Alexis. If Alexis values her esteem, he will not permit her to think unmanly of him. Katharine," he added, "not only esteems you, but loves you with the most tender affection; yet see the sacrifice she can make to her sense of duty and your honour." He then put into his hands the note addressed to him by Katharine; informed him of her sentiments in regard to the voyage; and of her resolution to see him no more previous to his departure. "This," added he, "is the noble example set you by a woman. See the state to which you are reduced, if you fail to comply—see the state to which you will also reduce the venerable Boyar, and his amiable daughter." But Alexis wanted no such arguments as these, after the note of interdiction from his beloved Katharine. He no sooner read it than he turned pale; but soon blushed, as guilty of a weakness which lessened him in the eyes of an object whose esteem he so highly valued. "I bow to the will of the Boyar," said Alexis, "whose generosity will interpret the just motives of my reluctance, to quit a roof so dear to me, at the crisis too, when the hopes to which I have been reared, are consecrated by affection; these hopes will never forsake me. Say this to the Boyar for me, and tell my lovely Katharine, that I have ever omitted to say one thing to her—whisper to her that I love!—Say that one word in my behalf, and memory will confirm it by a thousand pleasing remembrances." Alexis then took his leave; and, as soon as every thing was ready for his departure, set out for Riga, where he joined the friends of the Boyar, and sailed with them to England.

(To be continued.)

## THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE.

BY H. FINN.

*(Continued from page 321, Vol. IV.)*

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THE futility of any decision on my part, as to precautionary measures for our mutual safety, was apparent; I therefore consigned the task solely to Gulnare, whose local knowledge would be most efficient in evading the horrors of a second captivity; reserving, at the same time, the certain means of emancipation that I possessed, for our occasion, when imperious necessity, and personal preservation, should demand it; and resolving that no less a justification should warrant so desperate a resource. Her departure was attended with strong injunctions against my removal from the cave, until her return, and repeated directions of my attention to the measures she had employed in preventing a discovery. Suspence will impart to minutes the protracted quality of hours; and the dull dead calm of lonely expectation seems to deny a single breath on which the wing of time may remain buoyant; so slowly crept the moments of her stay. The day was gone, and twilight began to blend its feeble shadows with the dark masses of the night, when, through the aperture of the cave, I saw thick columns of black vapour, and red glare of conflagration, alternately darken and illumine the space above. I hurried from my concealment, and the confirmation of my worst suspicions came with terrific force. The forest was on fire! and threatened to bury beneath its burning fragments every breathing tenant. Undetermined whether to fly from the spot, or brave the double danger of awaiting Gulnare's return, I was about to fall a sacrifice to hesitation, when Gulnare stood before me, breathless with haste and alarm!—Her features, actions, and words, were characterised by an unusual degree of wildness;—she grasped my arm with energy, and pointed in a direction from which

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the flames were rapidly ascending, then forced me onward with impatient alacrity.—Her conduct was strange, unaccountable; and as the unjust suspicion of being betrayed casually crossed my mind, I mechanically placed my hand upon the weapon which I had hastily secured upon quitting the cave; an involuntary blush of self-condemnation for my unworthy doubts, gave a glow of shame to my cheeks; and astonishment at the madness of pursuing a route which evidently led us into the depth of danger, kept me silent. When I came near the scene, I instantly recognised the place of my late imprisonment. It was impervious as before, and now more strongly fenced by flames. We arrived within a few feet of the barrier;—Gulnare stopped, and pointing to the opening in the earth, through which I had escaped, anxiously motioned me to descend.—It was natural that I should hesitate, before I committed myself to what seemed assured destruction.—Unacquainted with her motives, equally ignorant of my own purpose, and stimulated only by an imaginary call for aid, I was bewildered by conjecture, until animated by the sound of words well known, but best beloved, in her endeavours to cause a comprehension of her meaning by vociferations wholly unintelligible, she articulated, “*Chile—Battel!*”—The title was talismanic, and with my loaded pistol I groped my dark way through the passage which her affectionate care and unceasing labour had hollowed for me. As I issued from the earth, the great glare that met my eyes, dazzled and confused their sight.—I paused;—but the scorching heat from surrounding fire, and the consciousness of an important service to be rendered, although its nature remained a secret, drove me from inaction. The density of smoke that interposed between the centre and extremity of the inclosure, precluded all observation; and I rushed forward to see, if it contained the object of my search. The vapour was thick, was suffocating, and I was compelled to retreat; but scarcely had I recovered my former station, when a light breeze refreshed my heated features, and wafted the smoke into an opposite direction, rendering the events I was to witness as distinct

as day. A rude pile of brushwood had been raised on the spot, which was formerly my resting place, and upon it I beheld bound, and devoted to a wretched death, *the Child of the Battle!*—The funeral altar was kindled, and the muscular form of a savage stood heaping fresh fuel on the rising flame.—I trembled with wonder; but practice had given precision to my aim, and when I drew the trigger, I saw the savage drop.—Each instant was precious; I rushed to your assistance, and liberated my long-lost, and almost lifeless boy!—With the velocity of lightning, I bore you to the subterraneous communication, and succeeded in gaining the opposite termination.—The faithful, amiable Gulnare received us, and undertook our guidance back to the cave. The loud yell of the savages that sounded near us, induced her to vary from the direct line of approach towards it; this unavoidable deviation was attended with the worst consequences, as it precluded a likelihood of our readily regaining the track, and multiplied our difficulties by involving us deeply in the labyrinth, where the destroying element flamed more furiously.—Gulnare suddenly took an oblique direction which conducted to a small open space, in order to gain a partial pause for less brief deliberation:—here then we stood, safe from immediate peril.—That hour seemed to exceed in horror all that romance had fabled; fate appeared to consummate its most appalling act, and mimic the final conflagration. The communicating fire ran rapidly along the earth from bush to bush, conducted by the shrivelled leaves, that formed a broad and burning path to the tall trees, among the lighter branches of which it quickly ascended in wreathing brilliance to the summit, where, shooting into unioned flame, it floated in the air in flashing violence, or burying its brilliance in the thick smoke of the half consumed and falling forest, menaced suffocation.—Our stay became every successive moment more hazardous; in whatever direction we ventured to look, our egress was barred by the huge trunks of trees that crossed each other as they sank divided from their roots, where time had partly rotted, and prepared the stem to meet its premature de-

struction. We flattered ourselves, that to this general conflagration, the spot to which we had flown would be a temporary, although melancholy exception; but the advancing flames, the over-heated boughs cracking, scorching, and falling on every side, added to the hopeless idea of beholding a termination to the fury of devastation, produced a despairing depression, that seemed to resign even the will to avoid our fate. Fortunately the wind increased, and sweeping the black vapour from before us, it enabled Gulnare to descry an avenue to preservation. The recognition of it was accompanied by a precise knowledge of our situation; habit had associated in her memory the slightest shrub, and what to others would have appeared a scene of sameness, was to her a varied exhibition of objects familiarized by frequent observation. Although we discovered that the distance from our earthy home was not material, yet the perplexities we encountered in endeavouring to reach it, almost equalled those which marked our erring flight from it. Sometimes the wind-driven fire would rush suddenly across our route, and form an impassable hinderance for the moment; at intervals too the harsh shrieks of some suffering savage, infused a more acute feeling of horror in the consciousness of our own extremity, commiseration for the wretch, and anxiety to shun the chance of discovery. Our joy can scarcely be conjectured, when we beheld our only place of refuge miraculously free from injury, and our future security seemed certain. We hastened to conceal ourselves. Fatigue soon overpowered the united emotions of curiosity to know your past adventures, and my own present apprehensions. Our sleep was as sweet as if pillow'd by the down of secure luxury. Towards morning, we were disturbed by the heavy patter of large rain-drops upon the leaves that lined our dwelling, and served as a signal to a different, but equally fatal danger, the approach of a tornado. The necessity for hasty precautionary measures became apparent; to guard against the entrance of the rain, and at the same time to admit the circulation of air, were our first objects: These achieved, we heard the thunders roll above, and the high howlings of the blast, with comparative pleasure. The storm continued its loud

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contention long, and subdued the raging power of its potent adversary, extinguishing gradually the fierce flames. When the force of the tempest had subsided, and the keen claims of hunger commanded us to quit the cave, our sight was startled with a scene of direct desolation. The channel of the mountain rivulet, saturated by showers, gushed from the heights with foaming force, and in its changing fall, fed by co-operating streams, soon swelled into a torrent, bursting over beds of rock, or tearing them from less firm foundations, and spread itself into a lake, covering the wide surface of the vale below, with waters still trembling from their wild descent. The roots of the umbrageous chesnut, fixed for centuries within the mountain's bosom, now gave their broken fibres to the wind, wrenched from the clinging soil by the fatal monsoon; or bowed beneath the lightning's stroke, the splinters of the shattered cinnamon strewed a parched and barren space. The smoke arising from the wet wood, still hot with half-extinguished fire, ascended in a blue line unvaried by a breath, or mingled with the mouldering vapour that curled from the black branches of the leafless sapling. The war of elements had caught within their dreadful vortex the brute and the barbarian. Many animals lay lifeless victims to the flame or flood; and the mutilated body of a *Bedah*, the name of the tribe I had escaped from, was seen hurled from precipice to precipice by the impetuous cataract, or stretched a corpse, nearly consumed, the food for vultures. The difusive calamity had been so unsparing, that with difficulty Gulnare procured for our subsistence the vegetable productions of the island.

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The influence of my severe malady has caused a chasm of many months in the continuation of my narrative. Why did I not commence it earlier? Enfeebled by age, misfortune, and illness, I feel incapable of prosecuting my design, to relate distinctly all I have experienced, since my description of the tempest in the Island of Ceylon. The savage chief who separated us, had fallen in the encounter with some Bedahs belonging to the same party, that had called me Captive, and

who had brought you to their rendezvous; but discovering that I had effected my escape, they had resolved to sacrifice you to their resentment, when my interference obtained your rescue. It was some relief in my hours of exile, to find that my efforts to remove the prejudices which the treachery of Glenfield had imparted, were not vain; and my caresses and attention were returned by yours. With a view to avoid a rencontre with the natives, as Europeans, Gulnare furnished us with an herb, the juice of which darkened our skin to the tint of her own; and after a residence of some weeks in our cave, we departed, with an intention of gaining the coast, and embarking for Europe. But Gulnare was unacquainted with that portion of the island we inhabited, and our only guide was a protecting Providence. After journeying many days through wilds unpressed by human foot before, our object appeared as unattainable as at first. But one evening, as we were resting from the toil of a tedious day, I heard several shots fired at no great distance; I sprang from my position, and listened,—the firing increased,—and now a yell of savages, and a shout of Europeans, added to the confused sounds, and inspired me with an irresistible ardour to aid the Christian combatants. After depositing Gulnare and yourself in a place of safety, I silently proceeded, and was soon in the midst of the skirmish, between the natives and a party of seamen. My disguise enabled me to mingle with the savages unsuspected, whilst with a cutlas I found, for the ammunition of the friendly Israelite had long been exhausted in obtaining food, I turned the fortune of the night, which had been unfavourable to the seamen, and completely routed their opponents. Those who had witnessed my actions expressed their admiration of, and gratitude for my services to each other, not supposing me capable of comprehending their language. An explanation of the peculiar situation in which I appeared, occasioned a joyful surprise; and learning they belonged to a vessel stationed at Columbo, the capital of Ceylon, then in possession of the Dutch, I accepted with gratitude an invitation to accompany them. Gulnare had resolved to share my fortunes, and we soon arrived at the fort. Hostilities were then at their height

between the Ceylonese and the Dutch settlers: without dwelling upon the circumstances that conspired to qualify me for a commander, I was chosen to lead the troops destined to act against the sovereign of Candy. Assisted by the knowledge of Gulnare, I was enabled to comprehend and counteract the savage system of warfare, and a succession of victories invested me with the rank of colonel. A treaty, most favourable to the Dutch interest, was concluded, and with an ample remuneration for my services, which could now be dispensed with, I hastened to quit a clime, which, joined to the miseries I had undergone, was hourly subverting my constitution. At the house of a friend, I was introduced to a gentleman in deep mourning, who proved to be the same I had been so deeply indebted to in London, and who made me the liberal restitution which I have mentioned in the previous part of these memoirs, of the sum I had lost at the billiard-table. His father had died greatly involved, and an uncle, who had been a merchant in Columbo, had adopted him; he also was lately deceased, leaving a large fortune to his nephew, with the proviso, that he took the name of Cohenberg. Need I say this was the father of your friend: the mercantile connexions of his late uncle were residents in Vienna, and he was on the point of proceeding thither. Urged by his repeated entreaties, and by a wish to discover your parents, I also agreed to visit the Austrian metropolis.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### SIR THOMAS WYAT, KNT.

ONE day he told the king (Henry VIII.) he had found out a preferment, which he begged he would bestow upon him, because it was just a hundred pounds a year more than enough. "Sure," said the astonished monarch, "we have no such places in England." "We have indeed, sir," said Sir Thomas; "and the provostship of Eton College, where the provost has his diet, his lodging, his horse-meat, his servants wages, his riding charges, and a hundred pounds per annum besides, is one of them.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

SIR,

As many of your fair readers, unquestionably, would have no objection to a coronet, I wish, through your favour, to submit to their consideration, solution, and choice, a series of Enigmas, descriptive of the surnames of the peers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, (extracted from Mr. Debrett's very accurate edition of the Peerage) from which they may select, or they must be very fastidious indeed, many an amiable and unmarried nobleman, who, if chance and opportunity should offer, might, perhaps, confer the dignity hinted at, and thereby complete the full extent of their wishes.

I shall trouble you, Mr. Editor, with a few of these enigmas every month, until my plan is completed, and I invite your readers, particularly the ladies, to favour you with solutions of them (post paid) as soon as they appear, or antecedent to the following month.

I am, your's, &amp;c.

A. P.

## ENIGMAS.

1. An *article* before a *consonant* ;  
The rough head of a wild dock ; and  
The staple produce of our agriculture.
2. An *article* before a *vowel* ; and  
A calculator.
3. The name of a well-known tree ;  
To consume by fire ; and  
A leg of pork cured.
4. A man of dress ; and  
A military defence.
5. A very comfortable place ; and  
To pass a river without a boat.
6. What water is apt to do, when placed over a strong fire.

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**EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS****FOR JANUARY, 1817.**

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MEETINGS continue to be held in all the principal towns in England to petition for a Reform in Parliament; and this subject, and the means of relieving the distress of the poor, occupy almost exclusively the attention of the public. No material events have occurred during the month, a variety of plans for Reform have been suggested, and the intentions of his Majesty's ministers have been partly disclosed; and these are to supply the deficiencies of the revenue for the last year, by a loan to a large amount, and appropriating a part of the Sinking Fund to their own use; but these means will be found quite inadequate to relieve the present situation of the country; nothing but striking at the root of the evil at once, and disburthening the people from a great part of their present oppressive and overwhelming load of taxes, will effect any permanent good. Among other obnoxious measures, and one that must be injurious to this country, however it may answer the political views of government, in their relations with foreign powers, and in keeping up their military establishment abroad, is a loan for twelve millions, or three hundred millions of francs, stated to have been concluded by an English house with the French government; since the sending of many millions of sterling gold to France will but still more depreciate the actual value of the Bank of England notes in circulation, the security given by the French government, part consisting of the crown jewels, valued at about one million, and the remainder, the woods and forests of Bandi, not being easily convertible, and of uncertain value, and not being an equivalent. The French funds rose in consequence 60f. 35c.—The terms of the loan are, that for

each 100 francs, 70 are to be received in the 5 per cents. and 30 in bonds reimburseable in cash at determined periods, with some other minor conditions favourable to the contractors. The subscribers will thus obtain the French 5 per cent. Stock at about the rate of 52, whereby they will apparently get an interest on their capital of 9½ per cent. per. annum.

All classes look forward to the next session of parliament with great anxiety, as one which will involve, and bring to a crisis questions of higher importance to the future welfare and prosperity of this kingdom than any which have been agitated during the present reign.

Some idea may be formed of the almost general distress in the metropolis, from the circumstance of several of the pawn-brokers in the poorer parts of it having declined to receive any more pledges, as their capitals are nearly exhausted in consequence of scarcely any of those in their possession for a long time past being redeemed.

A communication has been made to the Lord Mayor from Mr. W. Pole, that there will be a new silver coinage issued in exchange for the old coin, on Monday, the 3rd of February next.

From the German papers, there is a melancholy confirmation of the previous accounts of the sad effects of the present scarcity of the necessaries of life throughout the greater part of Europe; the countries more particularly noticed as suffering severely from the general privation, are the Tyrol, Carinthia, Saltzburgh, and the greatest part of Illyria; wherein the distress weighs so heavily, that every possible expedient is resorted to to provide some substitute for bread.

The French papers inform, that the discussion on the Law of Elections was continued for several days; and an amendment, requiring a list, on which should be inscribed the names of the voters, was adopted by a majority of 115 against 111.

In the early part of the month, a treasonable conspiracy was discovered at Bourdeaux, and several of the conspi-

rators have been arrested. Symptoms of insubordination prevail in the South of France: last year religious persecution occasioned a disturbance; the present cause is the scarcity of bread. Since the arrest of Raudon and Azema's party, tranquillity has been preserved in Bourdeaux by the increased vigilance of the civil and military authorities. Letters from Toulon, via Marseilles, mention that a serious conflict occurred between the soldiery and the people; the military at length fired, and a number of lives were unfortunately lost; but the agitators were subdued, and the peace of the town restored.

Papers from Jamaica contain the proceedings of the House of Assembly to November last. After much debate, and divisions on every clause, and in every stage, a Bill for a more particular return of Slaves, was passed by a majority of 11; and in a Committee upon the American Duty Bill, it was proposed to lay duties on flour, bread, corn, meal, pease, beans, &c. A smart shock of an earthquake was felt on the 21st of November.

Two most singular proclamations have reached this country from South America. They are issued by the chief military authorities of the Portuguese King, on the advance of his Majesty's troops to take possession of Monte Video, and the Spanish colonies on the left banks of the Rio Plata. No pretence is put forth for the invasion of the country, no intimation given of what is to be the future lot of the inhabitants. Whether the invaders have been invited by any portion of the Spaniards, or whether it is meant to be supposed, that the country has been consigned to them by secret treaty, does not appear.

The trial of the five principal persons concerned in the late riots in London, took place on the 20th instant; they were tried for breaking into Mr. Bennett's shop, and taking firearms, &c. thereout, and not for high treason, which their counsel contended was the regular course. Cashman, who was the most active in taking the arms, and distributing them among the populace, was found guilty; the other four, including Hooper, were acquitted on the capital part of the

charge, but will be tried for misdemeanour, as will be all those who can be proved to have been in any way concerned.

The elder Watson is acquitted on the charge of wilfully attempting the life of John Rhodes, in wounding him in the thigh in a scuffle to get from him, when detained at the instance of one of the patrole officers.

The same day, several rioters were tried and convicted of taking fire-arms from the shop of Mr. Rea, in the Minories. All or most of whom had respectable witnesses of good character.

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## THE DRAMA.

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### DRURY-LANE.

ON the 2d January, Jane Shore was performed to introduce Miss Somerville in the character of Alicia. Her first appearance in *Imogene*, in the tragedy of Bertram, had made a favourable impression on the audience; but she did not increase her reputation on this occasion: her manner was extravagant, unnatural, and ungraceful: she often strained her voice beyond its proper pitch, and her tones were violent, without being distinct. She understands her part, but is too declamatory; her faults, however, are to be ascribed to a want of experience; and she will no doubt improve. Mr. Bengough made the Duke of Gloucester ridiculous and intolerable. An ironical comparison has been drawn between this gentleman and a certain amateur; the one, it is said, renders his part ludicrous from a contempt of the stage, and the other, to make the character of a tyrant appear odious and despicable.

The greatest attraction to this theatre has been the return of Mrs. Allsop, who was re-introduced to the metropolis in the arduous character of Violante; in the rapid transitions from wounded tenderness, offended pride, affection rekindling to be repulsed, she displayed uncommon address, and delivered them in their natural modes of speech and manner. She is careful to avoid every kind of extravagance, and is uncommonly chaste in her acting. She had some few perceivable defects, sometimes a false emphasis, a false step, and an ungraceful walk, arising at times from a feeling of diffidence, but these occurred so seldom as to warrant a presumption that she will class as a first-rate actress. Mrs. Allsop speaks well; her articulation is correct; and many of her tones are accurately those of Mrs. Jordan, an imitation, if good, that will not now be disapproved: her voice is sweet and clear, and her song, self-accompanied on the harp, was executed with great taste.

January 16th, Mrs. Allsop appeared for the first time in Lady Bell, in the comedy of *Know your own Mind*. The volatile heroine was well represented: she bantered Millamour with the most diverting gaiety; and her caprice and humour sat as easy upon her as if natural: her song and harp-accompaniment was encored. Her imitation of her mother, the late Mrs. Jordan, has been thought injudicious; but her resemblance approaches so near as to leave little to regret; if, however, she can be stimulated to exertion; and "display that elastic, airy spirit which could expand, or compress itself as occasion required, and renew for ever its form and character," it would be desirable, and set a higher value on her professional talents.

January 20th, Mr. Kean appeared for the first time in *Oroonoko*; but this character, though it excites pity, esteem, and admiration, contains none of those strong traits and varied passions to call forth the powers of so animated an actor as Kean; and one of our best critics asserts, that in this piece he should have taken Aboam, the character assumed by Garrick. Miss Somerville appeared to more advantage in *Imoinda*, and is much improved.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

THE Soldier's daughter, a vapid and inanimate piece, was revived to give Miss O'Neill another opportunity of trying her abilities in comedy; but though she contrived to make the Widow Cheerly an amusing and interesting personage, comedy is unsuited to her powers: her voice is bold enough, her action and countenance sufficiently expressive; but her air is elaborately lively; and her feelings appear disguised, and to cover the distress of a broken spirit. Her comic characters are all of the same stamp; but her form, voice, and manner, are so fascinating as to ensure a favourable reception in whatever she undertakes.

The Humorous Lieutenant, from the original text of Beaumont and Fletcher, has been altered, and adapted to the modern taste for representation. It is revived with splendour, and a strict attention to costume. A new actress played Celia, but no one can pronounce on so timid a first performance, whether she will succeed. Mr. Young's Leontius was well performed; but Demetrius is unsuited to Mr. Maeready.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

LATELY published, two volumes of "Village Conversations, or the Vicar's Fire-side," dedicated to Mrs. Hannah More. Also, nearly ready for publication, the 3d and last volume, containing an Enquiry into the Elements of Political Science, the principles of human actions, and an impartial investigation of the sovereign good, or the best interest of men. The work contains a classification of the various orders of the human mind, and comprises a general survey of the most important subjects, combined with a few enquiries into the nature of good and evil as connected with individual happiness and general well-being.





# Fashionable Costume for February 1817

Pub. 1<sup>st</sup> Feb<sup>r</sup> 1817. by Dean & Munday. Threadneedle Street, London.

THE  
**MIRROR OF FASHION**  
FOR FEBRUARY, 1817.

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THE EVENING DRESS

Is made of a beautiful coloured sarsnet, worn over a white satin slip; the waist very short, and low in the bust; the sleeves short and full, falling much over the shoulders, and low in the back, above which is worn a frill of blond lace; round the waist is a sash of satin riband, fastened in a bow in front. The skirt of this beautiful dress is ornamented with a deep trimming of net, and rows of coloured satin, which produces a light and beautiful effect, particularly in the ball-room.

The hair is parted in front, and falls on each side in soft ringlets, and the head surmounted with a plume of white feathers. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes. We can recommend this dress to our fair readers who are in the bloom of youth, as a most becoming and fascinating acquisition of its kind.

WALKING DRESS.

A round dress of cambric muslin, the body of the gown made high, long sleeves, the skirt finishing with a Vandyke flounce. Pelisse of rich scarlet silk-velvet, worn high in the neck, and finishing with a puckered cape of satin and velvet; the waist short, and bound with a silk cord and tassel; the sleeve is made full at the shoulder, and finishes at the wrist with a trimming of satin and silk cord; the skirt is made full, and of a moderate walking length, lined with white satin, and finished with a rich trimming of spotted vandyked ermine.

Close French bonnet, ornamented with a plume of feathers, and trimmed with satin riband, corresponding with the pe-

lissee, lined with white satin. With this dress is worn a muff, to suit with the trimming of the pelisse.

#### COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

PELISSES, of Merino cloth or silk, are almost universal; they are made to wrap over the bust: the spensers are also worn in the same manner, with a bias. The great coats most worn are made of fine white Merino cloth, with a rich puckering of white satin round the border. Mantles, with three embroidered capes, descending to the girdle, made of fine cloth and kerseymere, are much worn. Spensers, of black velvet, or of grey, scarlet, or white Merino, are the vogue.

Hats worn with these exterior garments are of black velvet, bright jonquil or lilac satin; the black with pink lining, the others with straw colour, and the edges trimmed by a blond quilling. Straw-coloured silk hats are bound with dark blue riband, ornamented with a bunch of fancy flowers, of the same colour. Hats of white silk, chequered with green, finished by several bands of green cut velvet round the crown, and a trimming of blond or riband round the edge in large plaits. Hats of a spotted velvet, or pearl, ornamented with a feathered edge, and a tasteful plume of *marabouts*; on one side is placed an immense bow with long ends: this trimming of small feathers is very elegant. Mazarin red, in spotted velvet, or spotted rose-colour, or dark blue shag satin, or silk hats, are in great estimation for the public promenade.

Gowns made of Merino crape are worn for undress; and are like the walking pelisses, quite plain, with a belt of the same material as the dress, about a finger's breath. There are no trimmings in gowns worn in undress. Black velvet trimmed with ermine, or coloured riband, is reckoned the most splendid evening dress.

Ball dresses of coloured crape, festooned up in a very elegant manner over white satin, with ribands or garlands of roses, with a sprig of moss-roses placed over the left ear.

Shoes, with high quarters, that buckle on one side, like those of the gentlemen, are worn instead of half boots.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

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TO ——.

As late the wild winds' shrill and stormy cry  
Wail'd mournfully the troubled heav'ns along,  
While fitful oft the pale moon, riding high,  
Glanc'd her cold light the weeping clouds among,  
Sadly I listen'd to the moaning gale,  
For, as its solemn echoes sigh'd around,  
Methought thy deep-ton'd harp's so plaintive tale  
Mingled its music with the wintry sound  
In most sad unison—and yet most sweet.  
It startled me to hear the pensive strain—  
I touch'd my lute, and bade its strings repeat  
The unearthly melodies—but, ah! in vain!  
Save that one faltering note of symphony  
Stole on the winds to heaven, whispering of peace for thee.

*December 7th, 1815.*

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There is a placid hour, when on the mind  
Remembrance steals with mild and moon-like ray,  
And the tir'd spirit, half to grief resign'd,  
Delights amid her tranquil bow'r's to stray,  
Culling the joys of many a fleeted hour;  
The joys that cannot fade—flow'rets that bloom,  
And breathe a sweeter fragrance than the power  
Of time can steal—and still whate'er the gloom  
That shades the present or the future scene,  
An amaranthine wreath around the heart  
Will sweetly weave, if in such hour serene  
A sigh should meekly steal—a tear should start—  
'Tis but the tender gladness of the soul  
O'er treasures that do thus its toil of life console.

## SONNET,

OCCASIONED BY READING MISS CAMPBELL'S VERY BEAUTIFUL  
POEMS, AND INSCRIBED TO HER.

SWEET harp! that mingling with the winter's blast,  
From farthest Scotia pour'st the melting strain,  
Thy seraph tones all soothing as they pass  
Lur'd my sad spirit from its haunts of pain.  
And ah! as fancy plumes her soaring wings,  
And seeks afar on Thule's rocky shore  
The witched cave where still thine airy strings  
Sigh till the list'ning waves forget to roar;  
To her, the sweet enchantress, that with form  
Low bending o'er thy sorrow-breathing wires  
She pencils then—to her of rapture warm  
And gentlest sympathy, my heart aspires  
Its need to pay—and fondly woos again  
Her magic touch to wake thy never-tiring strain.

*January 11th, 1817.*

## TO THE RIVER ——.

DEAR gentle stream! that wind'st thy silv'ry way,  
Yon peaceful plains and Eden-vales along,  
Beside thy fringed banks how sweet to stray,  
And listen to thy mild waves' gurgling song,  
When the wild winds are hush'd and all is still!  
And sweet in thy clear heav'n-reflecting face  
The bright pure emblem of the mind to trace,  
Which heav'nly truth and virtue ever fill.  
Yet ah! when oft yon passing shadows veil  
The sparkling radiance of thy "limpid tide,"  
I weep to think, even thus, in life's low dale,  
The storms of sorrow, as they darkly ride,  
O'ershadow oft fair virtue's orient day,  
While still, like thee, she wends her pure unruffled way.

*January 9th, 1817.*

A.

## THE LAMENT.

YES! there were ties that once indeed  
 Around my soul did twine,  
 And made, in sooth, whate'er we read  
 Of fond affection mine;  
 When all my heart was prone to feel  
 A friend's, a brother's anxious zeal,  
 And pure as yet from worldly stain,  
 Devoutly knelt in virtue's fane,  
 Beheld each op'ning scene with wild delight,  
 Nor dreamt but all was true that seem'd so fair and bright.

I look'd around—the poet's song  
 Was warbling in mine ear,  
 And, gazing on the distant throng,  
 I dropt the wistful tear;  
 For honor there, and smiling youth,  
 And love, and innocence, and truth,  
 Together circling hand in hand,  
 Shone glorious in the festive band;  
 Immortal summer cloth'd the purple vale,  
 Sunshine was in the heav'n, and music in the gale.

I stood as one on tow'ring hill  
 Whose dazzled eyes behold  
 The streaky orient bright'ning still,  
 And blushing into gold:  
 Unearthly forms were flitting by,  
 Like wand'ring spirits of the sky—  
 'Twas beauty, virtue, that I saw;  
 And stooping with instinctive awe,  
 As near my path the radiant vision stole,  
 I bar'd my bosom wide, and proffer'd them my soul!

There was a flower within my breast  
 Whose growth perhaps was wild,  
 But lovely in its vernal vest  
 The fragile blossom smil'd—

Oh! had some gentle breeze but play'd  
 To sooth its solitary shade,  
 Oh! had the summer sun but shed  
 One welcome beam upon its head,  
 How had its leaves expanded to the ray,  
 Diffus'd their fragrance round, and triumph'd with the day !

But ah! no summer sun was there  
 The lonely spot to cheer,  
 No genial breath of balmy air,  
 No fost'ring hand to rear--  
 Timid awhile it bloom'd, alone,  
 Unwatch'd, unintended, and unknown;  
 And stormy winter's sullen frown  
 Soon struck the tender blossom down;  
 Cold on each green leaf fell the evening dew,  
 And o'er that faded flow'r the tangling grass-weeds grew.

'Tis done—the sacred ties are burst  
 That once my soul confess'd;  
 The buoyant hopes that sooth'd me first  
 Are buried in my breast;  
 And I am chang'd—the smile I wear  
 Denotes me not, nor speaks me fair;—  
 I talk of friends—the common whine—  
 No friend in all the world is mine!  
 'Twas but a foolish vision that I dream'd—  
 I am not what I was, nor others what they seem'd.

For I have look'd with jealous eye,  
 And heard with jealous ear,  
 And scarce can check the struggling sigh,  
 Or curb the starting tear,  
 To think of all that I have seen,  
 How many were the false and mean,  
 The followers of a base intent,  
 That loudest spoke what least was meant,  
 Like empty meteors sporting in my way,  
 With beam that glitter'd bright, but beaming to betray.

Oh! it hath made me smile with scorn  
To mark those idiot-elves,  
For ever lab'ring to adorn  
Their poor conceited selves!  
With gaudy plumage richly deck'd,  
The form, the figure, they affect,  
And are, could faith her credence give,  
The first, the best of all that live—  
Their's the fond bosom, gen'rous, frank, and kind,  
Their's is compassion sweet, and sympathy of mind!

Doth it not sicken all the soul,  
This mighty world to scan,  
And see what selfish views controul  
The ev'ry act of man—  
How int'rest still with ceaseless sway  
Beguiles each better thought away,  
And, like some broad malignant star,  
Sheds dearth and pestilence afar,  
Stinting each nobler virtue that was giv'n,  
And blighting in their bud the choicest seeds of heav'n!

Ah! trust not them that vainly own,  
With proud officious zeal,  
What simpler modesty alone  
Might teach them to conceal;  
Nor trust the world's deceitful smile—  
'Tis full of venom, full of guile!  
It shows like welcome, but beneath  
Lurks all the chilliness of death,  
And while the vaunting tongue would seem to rave,  
Behold the inward breast—'tis hollow as the grave!

And say, presumptuous bard! cans't thou  
A bright perfection claim?  
With conscious tears to heav'n I bow,  
And blush the blush of shame!  
There are, I know, that deem me rude,  
And cold of heart, and stern of mood—

Aye! let them long indulge their fill,  
 And fume their idle words at will—  
 My prouder heart shall mock their proudest hate,  
 And bear, unstooping yet, the bitt'rest storms of fate!

Perhaps they marvel that my deeds  
 Have worn an aspect *strange*—  
 If strange to them, it little needs  
 To ask or tell the change.  
 When those, that most should love to cheer,  
 Provoke with joy the gushing tear,  
 That most should cherish, most do spurn,  
 Shall goaded nature never turn?  
 Yea, she hath turn'd, and like a rebel too  
 Dethron'd my conquer'd heart, and fashion'd it anew!

Alas! my stricken soul is sore  
 With wrongs it cannot brook,  
 And I shall never love them more  
 The deadly blow that struck:  
 There was a time when they were dear,  
 Dearer than aught I valued here,  
 And lingers yet a pang behind,  
 Like something riven from the mind;  
 But life no more, nor death, when death do part,  
 Shall wake the wither'd love that once was in my heart.

Yet think not to the silent tomb  
 One ranc'rous thought I bear;  
 Perhaps my spirit holds her gloom,  
 But least is malice there:  
 'Twas not a wound that long could last,  
 And all its bitterness is past;  
 The tide of wrath has ebb'd away—  
 But *more* than this 'twere weak to say;  
 For to *forgive* may stamp the hero yet,  
 But he's a very fool that can his wrongs *forget*!

## MOONLIGHT SKETCH.

The winds of heav'n are hush'd—and mild—  
E'en as the breath of slumb'ring child !  
The western breezes' balmy sigh  
Breaks not the mist-wreaths as they lie,  
Veiling the tall cliff's rugged brow,  
Nor dimples the green waves below.  
Such stillness round—such silence deep—  
That nature seems herself to sleep !  
The full moon, mounted in the sky,  
Looks from her cloudless place on high ;  
And trembling stars, like fairy gleams,  
Twinkle their many-colour'd beams,  
Spangling the world of waters o'er  
With mimic gems from shore to shore,  
Till ocean, burning on the view,  
Glows like another heav'n of blue,  
And its broad bosom, as a mirror bright,  
Reflects their lucid path, and all the fields of light.

*Thule, 7th October, 1816.*

ORA.

## REFLECTIONS.

Oh ! it is sweet to sit and turn  
Our thoughts to days of earliest love,  
When the young heart began to burn,  
And the soft bosom did approve ;—

When the first heaving sigh that stole  
Unconscious from the spotless breast,  
And ev'ry tear that dar'd to roll,  
The secret of the soul confess ;—

O then, what blushes ting'd the cheek !  
What gentle tremors shook the frame !  
When first the tongue began to speak,  
To others' ears, the fair one's name.

But sweeter still, at evening hour,  
When the last faint streak flies the day ;  
And nature owns the soothing pow'r  
Of drowsy night's advancing sway,  
To wander thro' the darken'd grove,  
The pale beam quiv'ring on the trees,  
To give each energy to love,  
And tell the tale to ev'ry breeze.  
  
Oh ! how remembrance 'twines the soul,  
And, weaving all its influence there,  
Bids the soft tear-drop gently roll,  
To quench the embers of despair :  
  
Then paints anew with brighter charms,  
The first fair object of our view,  
Whom fate, or time's devouring arms,  
From our embrace revengeful drew.  
  
Rude was the stroke that broke for aye  
The intercourse of spirits blest,  
Tore the bright soul from mortal clay,  
And bid the cold turf take the rest.  
  
'Tis mournful, but 'tis sweet, to grasp  
The urn that holds the sacred trust,  
And in imagination clasp  
The lov'd form mould'ring in the dust ;  
  
And as the trees in sadness wave,  
High arching o'er the sable scene,  
To strew sweet flowrets on the grave,  
And deck the hallow'd spot with green ;  
  
And plant the fragrant myrtle round,  
And water it with dewy tears,  
As rolls the wild harp's soothing sound,  
In the sweet strain of other years.  
  
Thus musing, shall the inmost core  
Of my heart's pulses softly beat,  
Till time to me shall be no more,  
Nor this young flutt'rer's vital heat.

November 18th, 1816.

LORENZO.

SONNET\*.

"Then have I thought me of the ills of life,  
Its noisy tumult, and the fretful strife  
Of man with man, that I have look'd around,  
Envious the while, upon each grassy mound,  
Where the pale moon beam linger'd, and the dew  
Hung tearful, trembling as the soft winds blew;  
Have look'd, and sighing said within my breast—  
Would I were slumb'ring in so sweet a rest!"

WEEP not for me, nor shed the briny tear—  
Soon the bleak winds will whistle o'er my head  
Where the green mossy turf shall be my bed;  
Nor, lady! sigh the woes I cannot hear.  
Chace from thy cheek sorrow's recording gloom,  
Nor dim those eyes so radiantly bright;  
But ah! recall their beauty-beaming light,  
And on thy lip restore the rose's bloom;  
For, lady, say, when sunk in sleep profound,  
What joys are here that I should wish to rise?  
Save that to meet, "when the last trump shall sound,"  
My Lord and Saviour in th' eternal skies!  
I, like the leaves, that widely scatter'd lie,  
Lady, must droop, and like them fade and die! HATT.

—  
LINES,

ON THE BIRTH OF LAURA.

Sweet op'ning blossom! fair to view  
In life's exulting morn,  
Oh! may thy steps that path pursue  
Where lurks no hidden thorn!  
  
May peace serene, and heav'nly truth,  
Thy infant wand'rings guard;  
Unsullied as thy bloom of youth  
Thy virtues, and reward!

\* The above suggested itself whilst wandering in a country church-yard, the author's desired haven of rest, where contemplation was heightened by the solemnity of the scene.

Whilst God,—the fountain-source of love,  
On whom thy strength relies,  
To endless bliss shall point above,  
In realms—beyond the skies!

HATT.

## TO \_\_\_\_\_.

*By J. M. LACEY.*

**O**H! much belov'd, but scornful fair!

Vainly I sigh for love and thee;  
Thou heed'st no sigh, no lover's care,  
They seem to give thy bosom glee.

But once you smil'd on ev'ry vow

I fondly made, in truth sincere;  
That smile no more arises now  
For him that held its blessing dear.

But, fair one, still this heart must own

It beats for you, and only you;  
It cannot, as you're lightly shewn,  
Give up a love as fond as true.

Oh! may thy smile no more deceive,

No more seduce a heart like mine,  
Form'd as it is to love, believe,  
And break for falsehood such as thine.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**T**he Enigma by E. T. Lines to Monimia, Stanzas to Miss L. C. H. Elegy on the Death of Miss Eliza Hardwicke, and the beautiful little Ballad by "Anonymous," shall appear, if possible, in our next.

Mr. Hatt may also depend upon our attention to him.

The subject of W. L.'s. complaint shall be properly looked into. The neglect which he has pointed out, if correctly described, is certainly very culpable, but at all events, took place long before the Museum fell into the hands of the present Proprietors, they can therefore only pledge themselves that a similar fault shall never occur during their management of the work.

A parcel for Mr. J. M. Lacey is lying at the Publisher's.

"The Gossiper" is not now in the hands of a regular Correspondent.

To prevent unnecessary trouble, the new works of female writers only are noticed in this publication.



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*Mrs. Alsop.*

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